

Material Girl by Mercyonhigh

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Summary: "I don't think you really know who you are. Everything is just a mask." His words stung, but deep down I knew he was right... Elizabeth Bowen is a Senior at Hawkins High. Your typical good girl, driven by her studies, girl next door. When Billy Hargrove comes into town and enters her life, she starts to question who she truly is... Rated M for language/possible themes.

1. Chapter 1

I traced my lips with the light pink shade and rubbed them together. My auburn hair was pulled up into a pony tail with a green scrunchie. I half smiled at my own reflection and sighed as I replaced the cap onto the lipstick.

"Elizabeth! Breakfast is ready!" My mother called from downstairs.

"I'm coming!" I called back as I grabbed my backpack off my bed and hurried down the stairs.

"I made pancakes! Your favorite!"

My mother and I turned to the direction of the front door as the car honked. "That's Jess, I shouldn't keep her waiting. Can I take it with me?"

She sighed at me and handed the pancakes to me on a napkin. "Go on, don't be late. Oh by the way! Don't forget Brad is coming over for dinner tonight."

"Jess and I are hosting cheer tryouts with the girls today. Not sure how long I'll be... So don't wait up."

She sighed at me as I rushed out the door.

Elton John filled my ears as I closed the door behind me. Jess turned her head to me and smiled as I rushed toward her car.

"Oh pancakes again!" Jess exclaimed as she grabbed a pancake off the top of the stack.

"Save some for me!" I said while laughing.

"Welcome back to hell!" Jess said as we pulled into the parking lot.

Margaret and Lisa were sitting together on the stairs of our usual spot before the bell would ring. It was a few months into our senior year and so far nothing exciting had happened. Not really unexpected

from a small town.

"Hey ladies!" Jess spoke in a peppy tone.

"It's too early in the morning for anyone to be in that good of a mood." Margaret said with a small smile.

"Oh come on Mar. It isn't *that* bad." She replied shaking her head playfully.

"No I definitely agree with her." Lisa said with a chuckle.

"Well! Someone has to keep you ladies awake. Especially since we have our cheer tryouts today! Don't forget!"

I groaned slightly, but thankful that Jess didn't seem to hear me. The rumbling of a car and faint sound of 'Rock you like a Hurricane' came around the bend and grew louder as the car got closer to school. A dark blue Camaro pulled into a parking spot nearby and it seemed all eyes were glued onto it.

"Who is that..?" Lisa asked what we were all thinking.

A young red head got out and rode off on her skateboard toward the middle school. A soft gasp pulled my eyes to the direction of the driver. He seemed tall, from what I could tell, with a nice build. I scanned over him, eyes lingered more than I was willing to admit, focusing on his jeans as they hugged the curves nicely. My cheeks flushed slightly as our eyes connected. He pulled the cigarette from his lips and exhaled as he raised his eyebrow slightly. He tossed it and continued in toward the school.

"I'm not sure, but I'd love to find out..." Jess said smirking.

I sat in my usual assigned seat towards the back and opened my text book up as well as my notebook. I uncapped my pen and the bell rang for last call into class. I looked up toward Mrs. Adler, ready for the lesson plan, and locked eyes with the mystery guy from this morning. My eyes widened slightly.

"Class, we have a new transfer in from California, Billy Hargrove."

Mrs. Adler read his name off the paper he had given. She handed it back to him. "Take a seat where you find an empty one and that will be your new assigned seat. Choose wisely." She smiled and pointed toward the class.

There was only three empty seats in the class and one of them of course happened to be beside me to my right. I just hoped that he would take the one in the very back left corner. It seemed pretty logical since most new people want to be invisible right? Well... Not Billy. Billy connected eyes with me and saw the empty seat beside me. He smirked as he licked his bottom lip.

"Shit..." I muttered under my breath.

I didn't know why he made me feel anxious. It was a weird unnerving kind of feeling. I got a certain vibe off him like boys from back home. He seemed like the typical, 'I don't care cause I'm a bad boy' type. I had enough on my plate and all I wanted to do was graduate. I didn't need someone trying to throw me off.

I swallowed hard and avoided eye contact with him as I tried to focus on Mrs. Adler's lesson. I could feel his eyes burning into me. Maybe he was hoping I would turn and look at him. Avoiding his eyes was a feat I was trying very hard at.

"Hey.." I heard his smooth voice attempt to get my attention.

Don't you dare Liz... Don't you fucking dare. I scolded myself.

"Psst." I exhaled sharp and turned my head slightly toward him. His smirk made me regret looking. *"I'm Billy."* He whispered.

"Yeah.. I heard..." I whispered back and looked back to the front.

"and your name is?" He asked softly.

"It's Elizabeth." I whispered back with a sharp tone trying to drop the hint I wasn't interested.

"Is there a problem Mr. Hargrove?" Mrs. Adler asked and the class gave us their attention.

"Oh no. I'm sorry Ma'am. I was just trying to find out what page we were on. Didn't want to disturb you." I rolled my eyes at his smooth talking.

"It's page 12." She smiled at him.

"Thank you, I'm sorry." He smiled back to her and she then returned back to the lesson.

I looked back toward him as the class settled back into the lesson and their books. His blue eyes connected with my green eyes and that smirk stayed on his face. I quickly looked back to the front. I heard his seat shift slightly as he leaned toward me.

"I was thinking you could show me around." He whispered in a very presumptuous way.

"Don't think that's gonna happen. I'm sure they can assign someone from the front office for you though." I replied back softly.

"I'm sure they could, but I know we could have a good time..." Even when he whispered he knew how to keep that smooth tone. I imagined it made all of the girls swoon for him. I would be lying if I wasn't a little taken back by the attention. Not that I didn't get attention from guys, but usually they would take the hint. He seemed determined.

"I'm busy sorry"

"Busy? With what?"

"I'm hosting cheer tryout-"

"Ms. Bowen." My face quickly faced the front and once again all eyes were on us. "Is there something that you and Mr. Hargrove need to discuss? Am I interrupting your precious time?" Her tone was clearly irritated.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Adler. It won't happen again." I spoke timid as my cheeks flushed. I felt the warmth rush from my cheeks into the tips of my ears as I looked down into my book. She began her lesson again and I, once again, tried my best to ignore him.

"So you're a cheerleader huh?" I closed my eyes. I didn't even need to look at him to know what kind of cocky expression he had on his face.

"Leave me alone." I whispered harshly.

"I imagine you're pretty flexible then..."

"Will you seriously just shut up?!" My whisper was louder than intended and of course caught the attention of Mrs. Adler.

"Ms. Bowen, Mr. Hargrove. Since the two of you are enjoying wasting my class time, I will waste your after school time. You two can continue your chat after school in detention." She spoke irritated.

"Mrs. Adler, I can't do detention I have cheer tryouts to help host." I exclaimed feeling the instant anxiety of knowing Jess was going to kill me.

"Well they will have to do without you for a day."

"You clearly don't know my friend Jess..." I muttered, but not low enough.

"You clearly don't know me. You can enjoy the next three days for this disruption." Mrs. Adler retorted. "You can wipe the smirk off your face Mr. Hargrove. You can join her for the extra two days since you find this so amusing."

She sent Billy over to one of the other seats before continuing her lesson. I sent a glare over to Billy as I heard him chuckle as he leaned back into his seat. Not only was Jess going to kill me, but so would my mom if she found out. I was trying to avoid Billy, and now I would be forced to spend three days after school with him.

A/N: Hey guys! Just a story that kind of popped into my head after a weird dream when I finished S3 of Stranger Things. Not sure how far this story will even go, but I hope you enjoy it if you read and please don't be too harsh. I hope I caught all the typos and if not I'm sorry!

2. Chapter 2

A/N: Thank you so much for the reviews, follows, and favs! I also thought about it as I was re-watching Season 2 for context that I got a bit of my dates messed up. Beginning of school is usually end of Aug, and Billy showed up around October. So Im gonna push it to around that time. Few things might be a tiny bit out of order, but nothing major. I also noticed I kept putting Mrs. rather than Ms. For Elizabeth. Ooops! :P I'm going to be updating the story as much as possible and as fast as my creative abilities will let me! Hope you enjoy it and thanks in advance!

The bell rang and I sighed with relief. I wanted to run away from this class as far as possible.

"Ms. Bowen." I turned toward Mrs. Adler. "I think you're forgetting something."

I looked down at her hand as she held the detention slip I would need later. I closed my eyes and sighed as I took the piece of paper from her. "I'm disappointed. This is very unlike you." She gave me the disappointed look and all I could do is nod and accept my fate.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Adler." I said and left the class as Billy tried to catch up with me.

"Elizabeth!" I heard him call me through the crowded hallway. I ignored him as I pushed through to get to my locker. "Liz!"

"Do not call me Liz." I said as I turned sharply toward him and he almost ran into me. I looked up at him and swallowed as I felt unable to look away from him. He had at almost a foot of height on me.

"Well that struck a cord." He smirked and crossed his arms over his broad chest.

"Friends call me that. *You* are not a friend. I don't know you." I said and turned away from him to go to my locker.

"Well when you won't give me the chance, how can we be?" I rolled my eyes as he leaned next to the locker beside mine. I opened my locker and started putting my books away and grabbing the new ones I needed.

"Shouldn't you be headed to your next class?" I asked as I turned to him keeping my disinterested tone.

"Well you see, I asked this pretty girl if she could show me around and she turned me down. So I'm pretty lost." His smooth drawl was like a hot knife on butter. I'm sure it made all the girls melt. I had known this gimmick though. I had been with someone like him.

"Look Billy." I said as I gripped my books with one arm and closed my locker with the other. "I know guys like you."

"I thought you didn't know me." I could practically smell his cocky demeanor in his cologne. I closed my eyes in frustration and took a deep breath.

"I'm not from here, Billy. I'm not like majority of the girls in this town who see a city boy for the first time and lose their shit. There are thousands of girls here willing to give you the time of day. So please, do me a favor, leave me alone. Don't talk to me, don't look at me, and *please* just let me get through the next three days of detention with as minimal agony as possible."

I turned on my heel and headed toward my next class knowing his eyes were still on me. He was stubborn, but so was I.

Sixth period, and last class of the day, was P.E. I hadn't told Jess that I wasn't going to be at the tryouts yet. We stretched in our corner of the gym as the boys took majority of the gym.

"So I hung up a bunch of posters as well as the announcement that was made this morning! So I'm hoping we should have a good turn out this year!" Jess exclaimed.

Jess was our cheer captain and was always really excited about it. I was kind of indifferent about it. My mom was a cheerleader and was

desperate for me to get into it. So I got into it for her for us to have something to bond over. It also helped me smoothly fit into Hawkins High. I'm not sure if I would have friends without cheer-leading. It helped a lot with being social.

"Yeah... About the tryouts..." I spoke hesitantly.

Jess raised her eyebrow at me as my heart pounded in my chest. Her head turned into the direction of the the boys coming out of the locker room as Liz said "Look who it is."

Billy Hargrove came out shirtless with his shirt draped over his shoulder. His green gym shorts fit snug around his hips. He wore Chuck Taylors that clearly had seen a lot of time in the gym. His necklace hung about mid chest. He pushed his fingers through his light brown hair with a smug expression. I could tell he was the kind of guy who definitely cared about his appearance. Billy looked over toward us and gave a wink as he smiled at us.

"Did he just?!" Jess swooned.

"He's not that great of a guy..." I spoke as I went back to stretching.

"Wait! You talked to him?!" Mar asked. "Girl, details!"

They all looked at me expecting me to spill. "I have detention because of him."

"What?!" They all exclaimed together.

"He came strolling into my first period, sits down next to me, and then won't stop talking to me."

"Doesn't seem like much of a problem coming from that hunk." Lisa said as she looked at him over her shoulder. Mar chuckled as she nodded, agreeing.

"So, Mrs. Adler gave us three days of detention."

"Wait... Three days?!" Jess said her face turning instantly to disappointment. "You're going to completely miss the tryouts."

"Don't blame me. Go yell at Hargrove." I said switching to my left leg.

"I mean hey... Couldn't be all bad right?" Mar said playfully and she stretched her arm over her chest.

"Mar, I could think of way better things to do with my day then spend them alone with him."

Jess had her arms crossed as she stared over at Hargrove. She had a look of jealousy and discontent about her. She and I had similar taste in guys, but in some cases we had the problem of guys we were into liking the other. It had caused issues before us in the past that I didn't really find it worth it to bother dating. I wanted to focus on graduating and getting out of here. Jess, however, didn't seem to share that same philosophy with me.

"Well, let's get started girls!" Jess shouted getting all of our attention. I looked back over at Billy. He was in position for the basketball game, but connected eyes with me. He smirked and licked his bottom lip before looking back to the game. He was infuriating.

I took a few books out of my locker and put them into my backpack. On the plus side, I could get my homework done and then not have to lug these books home with me. Jess propped up next to me in her uniform and smiled.

"Hey!" She smiled.

"Hey, look I'm really sorry about the detention thing." I replied and she shrugged it off keeping the smile on her face.

"I mean it can't be helped right? I know you wouldn't get detention on purpose." She then turned to face me more. "I mean if you did do it on purpose, I would be a little mad, but I guess I couldn't blame you..." She shrugged.

"Jess, I did *not* intentionally get detention to ruin my record and skip out on helping you to get close to some guy." I said as I closed my locker.

"No, I know you wouldn't." She still seemed unconvinced, but I didn't

even want to push defending myself. Jess was usually pretty strong in her opinions. Once she set her mind to something, it was hard making her see reason. "Anyways, I left some boxes in my car that I need for the tryouts. Could you help me out before heading to your prison sentence?"

"Yeah, sure thing!"

We walked out to her car and saw Billy leaning against his car smoking a cigarette. He was a few cars down from where she parked.

"Your partner in crime." Jess spoke with a small smirk.

"Oh god please don't call him that." I said with disgust as she handed me a box.

"Alright Bonnie." She jokingly called me. "Oh by the way! Don't forget about Tina's party tonight! Are you still getting ready at my place?"

"Yeah, I might just need to come over after my detention. My mom is having Brad over tonight." I said and rolled my eyes.

"Oh Brad..." Jess said as she swooned and I groaned in disgust.

"*You're walking home today.*" I looked over toward him as I heard his voice. The young red head I saw get out of the car earlier stood beside him.

"*I'm not late though!*" She spoke confused. She seemed like she was trying to not raise her voice to him.

"*I have to stay after school today.*" He spoke through exhaled smoke.

"*Can I go to the arcade then?*"

"*I don't give a shit what you do. I'll pick you up when I'm done here. You better be there. I have plans tonight.*" She nodded hesitantly at his response and rode off on her skateboard as he threw his cigarette and headed back toward the school.

Jess's car door slamming shut pulled me out of my daze and we

headed to the gym to drop everything off.

I sighed heavily as I stood in front of the door with a sign labeled "*Detention.*"

I opened the door and saw Billy sitting in a seat in the back. I refused to lock eyes with him and gave my detention slip to Mr. Haines.

"I was fairly surprised to see your name on the list, Ms. Bowen."

"You and me both sir." I replied and he pressed his lips together as he extended his hand out toward the plethora of seats.

"Alright. You two are the only ones in detention. You will be here for two hours in this classroom for the next three days. Take advantage of this time to finish homework, read a book, doodle. I don't really care as long as you do not leave this room."

I raised my hand and heard Billy chuckle at me. I ignored him.

"Yes, Ms. Bowen?"

"What about bathroom breaks?" I asked.

"The pass is on the wall. Don't abuse it. Staff will be around here after hours as well. Remember, we are next to the main office so eyes will be on you. I'll checking in on you guys." Without another word, he left the room and shut the door behind him.

I took out my books to start getting to work on my homework. I pulled out my cassette walkman with my headphones wrapped around and placed them on the front of my desk. I was determined to ignore him. The peace of silence was disrupted by the sound of Billy's chair squealing as he got out of his desk. He slid in the desk beside me and propped his legs up on the desk crossing them as he laced his fingers over his chest.

"Two hours together, Eli." I looked over at his cocky smirk as my jaw locked firmly in annoyance. "Might as well make the best of it."

3. Chapter 3

A/N: Thank you guys again for the reviews! I appreciate the feedback and glad you guys are enjoying it so far! I hope I keep doing the story I'm trying to tell and the characters involved justice!

An hour and thirty minutes had passed as I continued to give Billy the silent treatment. He acted like it didn't faze him, but I knew deep down it was bothering him. Not necessarily because it was me, but because I think he was used to girls fawning over him. Mr. Haines checked on us roughly every thirty minutes. I had finished my homework and not sure what I was going to do with the last thirty minutes of this nightmare. I closed my textbooks and notebooks and started placing them into my backpack.

"Finished already?" I refused to even throw him a glance as he spoke to me again. "Oh come on Eli. You've got to be as bored as I am right now."

"You have no one to blame, but yourself for this." I responded to him and his eyes widened in surprise.

"She speaks." He smirked.

"Yes, and I told you before I started my homework, do *not* call me Eli." I replied.

"Friends call you Eli too?" He asked.

"No. No one has ever called me Eli before." To be honest, I just hated the way it made me feel when he called me that. I didn't need any kind of emotional feeling toward him. I wanted to finish these detentions and move on without having to talk to him again.

He raised his eyebrows and shrugged as he sat back in his seat. "So shall we get to know each other?"

"Excuse me?" I asked curiously.

"Well, I mean we have about half an hour left. You're done with your homework. You're clearly not ignoring me anymore. So why not?"

I stared at the clock and sighed. "I don't know."

"Very compelling argument, Eli."

"Will you stop with the *Eli*?" I argued.

"I like it so I think I will keep calling you it." I sighed and rolled my eyes at him and rested my head on the desk.

I heard his lighter flick open and smelled the smoke as he lit it and puffed it out.

"You should be nicer to your sister." I muttered into my arms.

"What did you say?" He asked with attitude and I looked up to see his face matched his tone. I hit a nerve.

"The red head. It's clear she is afraid of you. Pretty messed up man."

"Yeah and what would you know?"

I shrugged. "I wouldn't honestly. I'm an only child, but still. Its basic concept to treat your family better. I doubt she has done anything to deserve it." I responded coolly to his rude tone.

"Yeah, well she's a little shit. She doesn't listen." He said as he exhaled smoke again.

I sighed deeply and dropped the conversation. It seemed pretty personal even if I didn't agree with how it seemed he treated her.

There was a solid awkward silence for awhile as he took multiple drags off of his cigarette. I stared at the clock hoping it would move faster. If only I could somehow will it to with my mind.

"Your friend... the blonde." He said before taking another drag of his cig. "She single?"

I knew he was instantly talking about Jess. A weird twinge of

jealousy crept in and I quickly pushed it away. "Jess? She's not seeing anyone that I'm aware of."

"Jess..." He said softly and smirked as he blew out smoke again. "She going to this party tonight?"

"Tina's? How'd you hear about the party?" I asked looking at him slightly concerned.

Tina's party had been an every year thing since she grew boobs sophomore year and became popular. She had a giant house and her parents were always gone during Halloween. Parties were the one way for me to really be able to just enjoy myself and dance and forget about all my problems and school worries. The potential of Billy coming made me sick to my stomach. The *last* person I wanted to see me drunk was him. I was a "*loose lips sink ships*" kind of girl when drunk. Usually Jess would get me out of there before I embarrassed myself. With Billy there though? That could be a problem...

He raised an eyebrow to me. "Tina. I share third period with her. Gave me this fancy flyer and everything." He pulled the flyer out of his jean jacket pocket. "*Sheet faced*" He scoffed.

I chuckled along with him. It kind of was a horrible pun.

"Maybe I'll see if she wants me to pick her up..." He seemed to be talking to himself as he put out his cigarette on the desk.

"I'd rather you not ask her."

"Oh? There a problem with me asking her out?" He seemed to question as if he was testing my interest in him.

"No. No definitely not." My cheeks flushed and my ears burned up. "It's just that shes my ride. I'd really rather not ride with you. It's also been pretty chilly lately and walking doesn't seem ideal."

"Ms. Good girl parties?" He turned towards me rubbing his hand across his bottom lip and spoke in a shocked and intrigued tone. "I don't believe it..."

I rolled my eyes. "Why is that so hard to believe?"

"Well considering that you were about ready to cry over detention. I find it very hard to believe you'd do anything to risk that goody two shoes reputation."

"Well, we don't all have good looks and charms to weasel our way out of bad situations."

"So you think I'm good looking." He smirked with a tone of victory in his voice.

"That is not what I meant." I stuttered over my words." And I was not going to cry!" I snapped and he chuckled as he raised his hands up in mock defeat.

"Sure thing, princess." He spoke as he kept that cocky smirk on his face. "So when am I picking you up tonight then?"

"Um what?" I asked confused.

"When am I picking you up?" He inched closer to me as he spoke each word softly. He stopped close enough to my face that I hoped he didn't notice my breathing becoming more rapid and shallow.

"First you try to pick up my friend and now you're asking when you're picking me up?" I questioned and slightly stuttered.

"Come on babe. I'm just trying to get a rise out of you."

"Don't call me babe, *Hargrove*." I said angrily to him. He was surely getting the rise out of me that he wanted whether I liked it or not.

"It's pretty hot when you say my name angry and flustered." He whispered inching closer. I swallowed hard not realizing the amount of saliva that had built up. "Come on. Don't turn a man down twice."

"A man?"

"I can promise you that." He said with a smirk eyebrows flicking upward slightly. "Let me show you a good time."

The door opened and he backed off into his seat.

"You're dismissed. We'll see you both tomorrow." Mr. Haines said and walked back out.

I grabbed my backpack and headed to the door as fast as I could. Billy beat me to it and blocked the way out with his arm.

"I'll see you tonight. Can't wait to see that costume."

I crossed my arms tight around my body shielding it from his eyes. I suddenly wasn't feeling so confident about my costume. I glared at him slightly, but it didn't faze him. He kept that confident demeanor as he winked at me and walked out the door down the hall.

I leaned up against Jess's car as I waited for the tryouts to finish. I could've waited in the gym, but I didn't want to interrupt and potentially mess someone up.

Come on Jess. Where are you? I muttered to myself as I occasionally glanced over at Billy's car. It was a gorgeous car. My dad always had a thing about really nice cars. I didn't understand them like he did, but I understood the appreciation of them.

I heard Jess's laugh as the front school doors opened. I looked up and saw Billy walking out beside her with that confident strut and smirk.

Fuck fuck fuck I muttered under my breath, but I felt frozen in place.

He carried the boxes over to her car and put them in the backseat for her.

"Thanks Billy." She said in that super sweet tone she uses to wrap guys around her finger.

"Not a problem. Glad I bumped into you to help. So I'll see you there tonight?"

"Yeah for sure." She smiled.

"See ya, Eli." He said smugly and winked as he got into his car and let

the engine roar. My face flushed again.

"Jess, what the fuck?" I asked her stunned as I got into the passenger seat.

"What *Eli*." She retorted as a huge smile filled her face.

"Don't even start with me. What was that about!?"

"We crossed paths and he saw me struggling with the boxes. Thanks by the way for the help." She added sarcastically.

"Sorry." I muttered.

"*Anyways*, we were talking and he asked about the party tonight and I told him we were going."

"And that was it?"

"No and then we had a quickie in the bathroom. Of course it was Liz what the hell is wrong with you?!" She asked. "You're being super weird."

"I am not..." I said and honestly I didn't really convince myself.

"I don't understand why you're so stand offish with him. Why don't you just give him a chance?"

"I know his type, Jess. I practically dated someone like him."

"Is that what this is about?" Jess asked concerned as she glanced away from the road momentarily to look at me. "He isn't Tommy okay?"

"How do you know?"

"I could ask you the same question..." She sighed as I looked out the window. "Look. I know he hurt you pretty bad okay? It was fucked up, but you can't be afraid to put yourself out there and you can't shut people out just because you think they fit into a certain mold."

"I literally saw Billy flirting with like 20 different girls every time I

saw him in the halls and at lunch."

"Okay?" Jess chuckled. "Flirting isn't against the law. He is single. Shit, we did the same thing Sophomore and Junior year if I recall." I rolled my eyes. She wasn't wrong and infuriating as it was to admit.

"It's our senior year, Liz. Come on let's just live a little before we have to be adults okay?! Can we just go to Tina's party and just be stupid for one last time?!" She asked encouragingly. "... or more? We will see how the year goes." She added with a wink.

Maybe she was right. I had been so stressed and fearful from everything going on recently and in the past that I was building up a wall for myself. I was trying to protect myself and it was keeping me from just having fun and enjoying my last year of high school.

"Alright... Alright."

"Yes!" She exclaimed excited. "You gonna give Billy a chance?"

"Doubtful."

She rolled her eyes playfully and shook her head at me as she finished the drive to her house. It bothered me how much I let him get under my skin. He was so determined to get his way with me, but I don't think he knew how determined and stubborn I could be too...

A/N: Also forgot to mention, it will probably be hard for me to update on the weekends, so look for chapter updates during the week!

4. Chapter 4

"I don't know about this anymore..." I spoke nervously as I stared at myself in Jess's mirror.

"Oh no no no! You're not doing this now!" She started to scold me and I stared at her, in her Cyndi Lauper costume, in the mirror. "You're not changing your mind because of Billy Hargrove. Nope."

I stared at myself and groaned as I regretted choosing Madonna's VMA performance outfit of 'Like a Virgin' for my costume.

"You did not spend a little over a month slaving to put this together just to back down now!" She exclaimed.

She wasn't wrong. As soon as I saw that performance I scrapped my other costume and started putting the outfit together. I stared at myself as I fluffed the tulle polk-a-dot skirt around. The lace gloves, that came up to just below my elbows, matched the same lace that was on the corset lingerie style top. The veil wasn't as long as hers, but it was enough that I knew by the end of the night I was gonna throw it somewhere.

"You're right." I groaned and she smiled big in victory.

"Yes!" She screeched. "Are we ready?!"

I chuckled at her excitement. "Mom, we are leaving!" She called as we rushed out the door before hearing a response.

The music was loud as we pulled up. The street and Tina's house were packed with people. She found a spot to park and I felt a twinge of anxiety fill me as I looked around for Billy. I hated myself for getting so nervous around him. *I don't like him. I don't even **know** him.*

We walked inside and were greeted with 'Hungry Like The Wolf' as well as a bunch of teens drinking and dancing. I took a deep breath as I looked around. For the first time, I felt out of my element like the kid who didn't fit in. I hated it. I needed a *drink*.

"Shall we get drinks?" Jess shouted slightly so I could hear her over the music and people.

"You read my mind!" I said as I matched her tone.

She grabbed my hand to guide me to the kitchen as we walked through the crowd. I waited, cup in hand, as she filled her cup. I looked around and saw Billy standing with a couple of the guys from the basketball team.

"Shit!" I said as I turned my back toward him.

"What?!" Jess exclaimed. She looked up and rolled her eyes and sighed. "Seriously?! You're acting like a child with a crush!"

"I *definitely* do not! I'm not into the 'Try hard' attitude." I replied as I air quoted.

I handed my cup toward her and she raised an eyebrow. "Please?"

She shook her head as she realized I was afraid to turn around and he would see me. "Child!" She scolded as she filled up my cup.

"I see Keith." Jess said as her eyes lit up. "Have some drinks. Dance, talk to people. *Please* try to have fun."

"Okay..."

I walked over to a wall in the living room area. I was enough in the party to not seem like a weird misfit, but enough out of it to be out of prime sight. I didn't see Billy anywhere and I sighed in relief. I tried to push the weird anxiety of seeing him out of my mind and continued to drink.

"Excuse me." I said to the guy standing in front of the punch bowl as I filled up my cup for the second time.

I turned my head to the direction of chanting coming from outside. "*Billy! Billy! Billy!*"

I watched him being paraded into the house like he was the King of something. I rolled my eyes as he walked cockily around the living

room. I watched him as he walked to Steve and Nancy walked off annoyed. I chugged my drink and filled it for the third time. I walked into the crowd heading toward the backyard. Billy stopped me as he stepped in front of me, smirk plastered on his face.

"Well, well, well... If it isn't party girl Eli." He spoke in his cocky tone. "Like a virgin Madonna... Tryin' to tell me something?"

"And who are you supposed to be? A wannabe rock star who didn't make the cut?" I smiled sarcastically as I took a sip.

He let out a chuckle as he took a drag off of his cigarette. "More of a King."

"Sure...Alright, well I'm gonna go be anywhere else but here."

"What's wrong? Not up for some harmless small talk?" He smirked as he inched closer.

"Funny thing, I hate small talk." I said as I gave a small fake smile and dropped it back to serious.

"What are you so afraid of with talking to me?" He asked with that cocky smirk.

"I'm not afraid. I have nothing to talk about with you, Billy. I'm not interested."

"So you keep telling me. Not sure I believe it."

"I've seen you flirting with countless girls in the school. Why don't you find one of them here?" I asked annoyed.

"Keep tabs on me?" He asked with an eyebrow raised.

"Don't flatter yourself."

"I mean you said it yourself. Saying you're not interested yet watching me... Maybe a little jealous even?"

"Billy!" I heard a familiar voice before I could be snarky back. We both turned toward the direction of his name called and my heart

sunk as Tommy approached.

Tommy looked at me and I looked away as my cheeks flushed. "Don't waste your time on this one if you're looking for a good time." He said and slapped Billy on the back of the shoulder. "Come on!" He said and headed back into the crowd.

As if I wasn't feeling awkward enough, Tommy sure had a way of making me feel small. Little over a year later of him dumping me and spreading rumors and I was still dealing with the aftermath. I held back as tears threatened to fall. Tommy walked off into the crowd and I refused to look back at Billy.

"Looks like you're being summoned, *King*." I started to walk away and I felt a grip on my wrist. I could feel the callouses on his palm through my wristbands. I looked up at him slightly. His expression seemed... *slightly* concerned. Almost like he partially wanted to care, but was too cool to show people he had emotions. I took a deep breath and pulled my wrist from his grip. "Don't want to keep your peasants waiting."

I walked through the crowd as I chugged my third drink. Things were starting to feel more warm and numbing as I dunked my cup into the punch bowl for the fourth time.

I felt free and careless. Bold even. My body swayed as I danced within the crowd taking sip after sip. I lost count of how many times I had dunked my cup into the bowl. All I knew was I was feeling good and I lost Jess. I saw her earlier sucking face with Keith and then she was gone again. Normally I would be concerned, but I was feeling too good to care. I just wanted to dance and drink.

I dunked my cup into the bowl again.

"Probably should slow down there." I looked up slightly to my left to see Billy had leaned on the counter beside me.

"I'm good thanks." I slurred as I went for another gulp. I felt the cup leave my hands before the alcohol touch my tongue. "Hey!"

He dumped it and tossed the cup into the sink. "Come on, I'm taking you home."

"Well that's very forward of you." I said in a flirty version of a slurred voice. "Does that line work on all the girls?"

"You're drunk. Come on." He said stern.

"No! I'm not going anywhere with you." I said pulling away from his grip. "I need to find.. Jess..."

"She left an hour ago."

"What..?" I slurred as I cursed her under my breath. We had a girl code that we would never leave without the other.

"Eli! Where the fuck are you going?"

"This party is lame! I'm going somewhere else."

"Stop being stubborn and let me take you home."

I swirled around quickly, instantly regretting it as I felt the urge to throw up, and held my composure as best as I could. Billy stopped short almost running into me.

"Did Jess put you up to this?!" I accused as I wobbled slightly trying to stay up straight.

"What?" He asked.

"Did Jess tell you to do this?" I hiccuped slightly. "Is that what you guys were talking about? Scheming some way to get us to talk?!" I slurred angrily as I jabbed him a couple times in his sweaty bare chest.

I crossed my arms stubbornly and looked at him expecting an answer.

He shook his head slightly and chuckled as he licked his bottom lip. "I asked Jess, and she agreed."

"What in the actual... What am I? Just a toy that can be traded?!" I

said muttering to myself as he lit a cigarette for himself and exhaled the smoke.

"Didn't expect it to be this difficult honestly." He said leaning on his car.

"Why cause I'm so *easy*?" I said unsteady yet angry.

"No, I just didn't expect you to be this drunk and unreasonable."

"You can't take me home." I said "confidently" as I wrapped my arms around myself and rubbed my upper arms to warm them.

"Why not?" He asked.

"Cause I don't want to go anywhere with you."

"Elizabeth, it's getting cold. You can't just stay out here. You're drunk and dressed like Madonna. Get in the damn car." He argued.

"You called me Elizabeth." I stated as I raised an eyebrow.

"That's your name isn't it?" He said like a smart ass as he exhaled more smoke.

"I'm not getting in the car." I slurred my words angrily.

He nodded a few times annoyed as he tossed his cigarette butt.
"Alright."

I turned to walk away and my feet came off the ground as I was hoisted onto his shoulder. "Billy! Put me down!"

He walked to his car and put me down. "Get in the car." He growled.

I felt the coldness of the metal of his car pressed against my back as I stared into his eyes. There was a ferocity behind them. His face was stern and serious. I felt a slight chill go up my spine.

"No." I replied stubbornly and crossed my arms.

"Get. In. The. Car." He took a step closer and closer until his warm breath tickled on the tip of my nose. I swallowed hard as I

maintained eye contact with him. His arms were placed on each side boxing me in.

"Or else what?" I whispered. "Are you going to kidnap me?"

"You're an infuriatingly stubborn drunk."

"I just don't like taking orders from people. Drunk or not." I shrugged.

"Get in the car, Eli." He snarled in an annoyed tone.

"Get in the car, Eli." I mocked matching his tone. "Say please."

"Just get in the fucking car."

"Do you beg every girl this much?"

"No typically they just get in."

"How many girls have you had sex with in this car?"

"A lot. Get in the car."

I looked in disgust at the backseat doubting he had ever cleaned it.

"I'm going to have to say no. Goodnight, Billy." I said shoving his arm out of my way and stumbling down the road. I heard him growl again and I was hoisted again, this time being putting in the seat despite all of my protests.

"Why do you even care? I can just walk..." I slurred.

"You can barely stand. And I don't care. The last thing I need is seeing you missing in the paper."

"That sounds like caring!" I singed mockingly and laughed again.

"Elizabeth!" I opened my eyes slowly as the sun peeked through my curtains. I groaned as my head throbbed. I could barely think. I couldn't remember majority of what had happened last night or how I even got home.

"Elizabeth, you're going to be late! You better be up!" I heard my mom calling from downstairs.

"I heard you! I'm coming!" I shouted and instantly regret it.

I put my hand to my head and felt jean material rub against my arm. I looked down to find myself wearing a jacket and shirt that didn't belong to me and the shorts I had worn under the skirt. My costume was laying on the floor next to my bed. I slowly got out of bed and made my way downstairs.

"Mom? Do you ..." I stopped dead in my tracks when I got to the kitchen.

"Morning hun! Breakfast is ready!"

"Morning Eli." Billy smirked as he raised his mug toward me.

What... The... Fuck...

A/N: Hey guys! Thanks to everyone who has been following and faving! I really appreciate it! I'm feeling very mixed about this chapter, but I hope you guys like it! I want to build their relationship, but also don't want to have it move too fast. I'm planning to have some flashbacks in the next chapter that will answer some questions of the missing blanks in this chapter! Maybe potential fluff? Nothing too crazy. I want to keep Billy to character as much as possible, but I also want to try to show a side of Billy no one ever really got to see. Hope you guys continue to like it!

5. Chapter 5

My mind was in a haze. I was scrambling for answers as I tried to force my brain to remember everything from last night.

"Elizabeth, shouldn't you be getting ready? I thought you would've been ready." My mom asked as I stared at Billy as he continued to eat his plate my mother had made him.

Billy wiped his mouth off with the napkin. "Mrs. Bowen. This was absolutely delicious. Thank you." He gave her that famous smile and I watched my mom as she fell into his trap.

"What are you doing here?" I asked suspiciously as I crossed my arms.

"*Elizabeth*." My mom said in a mortified tone. "Do not be rude."

"It's fine, really." Billy said waving it off. "I wanted to see how you were doing."

"He told me Jess wasn't feeling great at the party and he gave you a ride home since she left early." I rolled my eyes as she turned back to him. "Thank you again. I really appreciate you bringing her home safe."

"Of course Mrs. Bowen. I'd never let a lady walk home alone." I was ready to vomit. I didn't know if it was because of my hangover or Billy's smooth talking that was *clearly* working on my mother.

"I could give you a ride while I'm here."

"That's sweet of you, Billy!" My mom cooed.

"No. It's fine I'll wait for Jess." I said and started turning away to get ready.

"I'll tell Jess you've gone ahead if she shows up." I sighed heavily at my mother.

"Thank you again, Mrs. Bowen." Billy said after he finished off his coffee and placed the mug on the counter.

"You're welcome any time."

I stood by the door as I waited for him so I could see him out. He turned out into the open doorway of the kitchen into the hallway to our front door. He walked confidently over and leaned against the side of the doorway. He stood in a gray t-shirt and jeans with his usual boots. The smell of his cologne was intoxicating. I eyed the necklace that he seemed to very rarely take off.

"What the hell are you doing here?!" I snarled in a whisper.

"I came to give you a ride." He said acting innocent.

"You can't just come over to my house like this."

"I needed my jacket." My cheeks flushed as I looked down.

"Guy like you? I'd imagine you'd have a million." I said trying to keep cool.

"I wanted that one." He smirked leaning closer to my ear. "It looks great on you though." He whispered seductively.

I took the jacket off and shoved it into his chest. "Can you just go?!"

"I'll get my shirt later." He winked. "I'll be waiting outside."

"I'll see you at school." I said as I opened the door.

"Poor Max has already been waiting for 10 minutes in the car. Don't make her wait longer." He put a toothpick in his mouth after flashing that stupid grin at me. I looked to the street confused and saw the redhead from earlier sitting in the car.

"Why wouldn't you invite her in?!" I said as he walked toward his car. I slammed the door and ran up the stairs.

I quickly put on a pair of clean high waisted jeans and a gray tank top. I put my semi baggy Pink sweater over top of it and slightly tucked it in. I put on a nude shade of lipstick and looked myself over quickly. I heard the honking from Billy's Camaro outside and groaned. I grabbed my backpack and ran down the stairs and out the

door.

The drive to school was awkward. Max stayed quiet in the back as Billy ripped through the streets.

"Does he always drive like a maniac?" I asked Max breaking the silence. She seemed startled at first and then I saw a slight smile on her face as I looked at her in the side mirror.

"Yeah." She said quietly. I gave a sideways glance to Billy and smirked.

"Shut up." He said looking at her in her mirror.

"Stop being an ass." I said as I swatted him in the chest. Max's eyes widened as she looked shocked that he didn't seem to respond.

I turned in my seat and looked at Max as I smiled. "I'm Elizabeth. You can call me Liz."

I heard Billy scoff as I said it. "I'm Max."

"It's nice to meet you."

The Camaro roared into the parking lot and I felt the warmth go from my cheeks to my ears as all eyes were on us. He pulled into the parking spot and I got out and pulled the seat forward to let Max out.

"See ya, Liz."

"Have a good day, Max!"

She road off toward the middle school and I shut the car door. Billy slammed his door shut and I mentally yelled at him for pulling more attention to us. He lit a cigarette and leaned on the back of his car waiting for the bell to ring. I looked to our usual sitting area and saw Margaret and Lisa staring at us giving me raised eyebrows and smiles.

"I should probably go..." I said softly.

"Sure." He said before taking a drag from his cigarette.

I started walking toward the girls and stopped. I bit my lip nervously not really wanting the answer. I turned to him. "Billy."

He raised an eyebrow in question at me.

"Did..." I swallowed hard and clutched my book and notebook to my chest. "What happened last night?"

"What do you remember?" He asked.

I sighed. "Honestly? I don't remember anything really after us talking in the party before Tommy came up."

He stood up taking a long drag on his cig before tossing it to the ground. He exhaled it to the side and looked down at me slightly.

"Don't worry about it." He said giving a small smile and winking as he rubbed my chin slightly with his thumb and pointer. "We'll talk later."

He walked off as he slid on his jean jacket and I watched after him. I sighed angrily as the bell rang.

I could hardly pay attention in Mrs. Adler's class. I kept looking toward Billy who sparingly gave me glances. My mind was racing as I tried to figure out what could have happened. *How did I end up with his jacket and shirt? How did he know where I lived? Why did I have to drink so much?!*

The bell rang for dismissal and chairs screeched as everyone stood up. "Alright class remember your assignment is due tomorrow!"

I collected my things and chased after Billy as he headed down the hallway. I grabbed onto his jacket and he turned to me. His angered expression softened at the sight of me.

"Well, if this isn't a pleasant surprise." He smirked.

"Can we go somewhere and talk? Please."

"Don't you have to get to second period?" He questioned with an amused face.

"I can't even focus on class." I looked around at everyone in the hall. Some people watched us while others carried on. "Because I don't even know what happened last night. I feel like people are talking about me and I don't know if its paranoia or what." I whispered.

"Nothing happened alright? You just got really drunk and I took you home. Go to class." He shrugged it off and started toward class.

"Wait. That's it? Did I say anything? Did I do anything? How did I get your shirt and jacket?" The bell rang to get into class.

Billy shook his head slightly and licked his lips as he chuckled. He rested his arm on the locker and leaned into me.

"Go to class."

Billy disappeared into the crowd and I quickly rushed to my locker to grab my books before heading to class.

My classes were a blur. He told me nothing happened, but I still felt nervous. I knew people saw us coming into school together, but I didn't know if anyone saw us last night. Hell, I don't even know what happened with us.

I stretched with the girls. Today was running track, but I was in no mood to run.

"So... We gonna talk about you and Billy coming to school together?" Lisa asked.

I groaned. "He just showed up at my house."

"How does he know where you live?" Mar asked.

"I have no idea. I don't even remember majority of last night."

"I'm sorry I couldn't go last night. Being grounded has been literal hell." Mar groaned.

"Yeah and having siblings can kind of ruin that sometimes. Parents decided a spontaneous date night and I was left dealing with my little

sister." Lisa sighed. "Where the hell is Jess by the way?"

"Probably dealing with a major hangover too. She ditched me for Keith last night."

"What?!" They said in union.

"I don't even know how I got home. I'm fairly certain it wasn't Jess."

"Do you think... Billy?" Lisa asked and I sighed looked over at the basketball game.

I sighed deeply. They took my silence as a yes.

"Damn..." Lisa replied.

"Did you guys..." Mar started asking hesitantly, concern on her face.

"No!" I exclaimed. "Well... I don't think so. I asked him and he said nothing happened, but he has been refusing to talk. Pretty much just saying "Go to class." and "Don't worry about it."

"He's reverse psychology-ing you." Lisa said as a matter of a fact as she switched to her other leg.

"What do you mean?" I asked following her lead.

"It's simple. He's interested and you're not giving him the time of day. He has info that you want. He dangles it like a carrot. He won't tell you straight out because then it forces you to continue talking to him." She explained.

"He's not that smart... Is he?" I said unsure myself.

The girls shrugged. We looked over toward the game at the sound of a thud. Steve fell on the ground and recovered quickly to try to catch Billy. He was too late though, and Billy had scored. Billy was high fived by a few of the guys and he licked his lips cockily as he taunted Steve.

"Oh damn..." Mar said as she saw Nancy coming into the gym.

"Steve..?" Nancy called to him and he timed himself out as he walked out to talk with Nancy.

"What happened?" I asked curiously.

"You haven't heard?" Mar asked and I shook my head no.

"Apparently Nancy got really drunk. I mean *really* drunk. Her and Steve had a pretty bad fight. Someone saw him leave without her and then she went home with Jonathan." Lisa told me.

"Who is Jonathan?" I asked.

"He's the older brother of that kid who went missing last year."

A whistle blew. "Alright ladies, to the track!"

I looked back over to Billy and he winked at me and smirked before going back to his basketball game. I sighed annoyed. I was going to get my answers in detention today.

A/N: I know technically I already updated today, but I wrote chapter 4 yesterday and finished it earlier this morning. So I figured since I finished this one I would post both today. I did have this chapter really long, but I decided to break it up. So next chapter will be the next detention scene as well as a little POV from Billy! Thank you guys for all the favorites and followers and a few more reviews that came in! I'm really glad people are enjoying it!

6. Chapter 6

I put all of my books away in my locker and then headed to detention. Day two of three. Our times were lowered each day, so today would only be an hour and tomorrow thirty minutes. I sat at one of the desks in the front. Mr. Haines stood by the door waiting for Billy to come in. He occasionally checked his watch impatiently. He wanted to be anywhere but here with us. I looked at the clock and noticed it was five minutes after time we were supposed to be here.

"You're late Mr. Hargrove." Mr Haines said as Billy finally walked in.

"Sorry had to take care of something." He said and sat down.

"Alright look. You guys know the drill. Stay in the room." He said less than enthused and shut the door behind him.

Billy put his feet up on the desk.

"Billy, what happened last night?" I asked and he scoffed.

"Well you don't waste time huh? Hi Billy, how're you. I'm doing great thank you." It was a statement more than a question. "I told you what happened."

"We have an hour, Hargrove. Spill. You've been keeping me on the hook long enough." I said impatiently.

I stood up and leaned against the wall with my arms crossed. I felt too nervous to sit.

"After we had talked, I could see you were upset about whatever Tommy had said and you drank a lot."

"So you were watching me?" I asked.

"More looking out for you."

"Where was Jess?" I asked.

"She left with that guy at some point." He said and lit a cigarette.

"You know smoking is really bad for you." I said and he gave me an expression that showed me he could care less. "So then you took me home?"

"After *a lot* of convincing. Yeah I did."

"How did you even know where I live? Did I tell you? Was I even coherent enough?" I asked.

"Jess told me. I asked her if I could try to take you home when I was helping her bring her crap to her car. Didn't expect her to leave you completely until we knew though." He answered as he took another drag.

I paced a bit as I shook my head. "Okay so... You asked Jess if you could take me home. That shit happens with Tommy. She leaves the party. I got really drunk. Then you convinced me to let you take me home?"

"More of picking you up and putting you in my car, but yeah sounds about right."

"So you kidnapped me!" I exclaimed.

"Oh come on Eli. That's a little dramatic." He responded standing up.

"So you kidnap me and then you're taking me home and what? You claim we didn't do anything so how did I end up in your shirt and jacket?" I asked arms crossed over my chest.

He walked over toward me and sat on top of the desk closest to the wall by me.

"I was driving you home and you started talking about Tommy being a complete asshole and not really making sense..."

"Oh God..." I muttered under my breath starting to pace more.

"Then you started talking about how you were gonna be in trouble cause you weren't there for dinner with Brad and your mom. Apparently you really *really* do not like Brad." He continued.

"No... no..." *Lose lips sink ships*. I felt the embarrassment creeping up.

"You then started to get sick so I pulled over."

I stopped pacing and instantly facing him with a mortified look on my face. "I didn't puke in your car did I?!"

"What?" He asked confused, but slightly laughing about being concerned about that.

"Your car. I didn't throw up in it did I? Oh my God. My dad would be mortified if he knew I threw up in a '79 Camaro."

His faced shifted slightly to uncomfortable when I mentioned my dad. "You didn't. You threw the door open as I was driving saying you were going to be sick. I pulled over and you got out and puked all over your costume and the ground. So I had my other jacket and my shirt in there and gave it to you to change into." He continued to explain.

I groaned at how much I had embarrassed myself. "Did you..."

"I stayed outside while you changed in the car. You insisted I keep my back turned." He interrupted me. "You changed and I took you home."

"How'd you get inside?" I asked.

"Your door was unlocked. I just brought you upstairs quietly and left." He replied as he put out his cigarette.

"So you kidnapped me and then broke into my house." I crossed my arms. I gave a small smirk showing I was joking.

"Not really kidnapping if I bring you home and I don't think you can count it as breaking in if you don't lock your door." He joked back with me.

I chuckled and agreed with him as we fell silent.

"How did you not wake my mom? She's like the lightest sleeper in the world."

"I've had to sneak out of a lot of houses." I rolled my eyes at his cocky attitude.

"Thank you for taking me home." I spoke softly.

"I'm sorry, what was that?" He tilted his head slightly so his ear was more toward me.

I rolled my eyes playfully as I sighed. He stepped closer and closer to me until I had to look up at him.

"Seriously. I'm sure the last thing you wanted to deal with was a pathetic drunk girl when you could've been with someone way more interesting.. and sober..."

He chuckled. "Yeah. You've proven to be quite the... handful."

He looked me up and down and my questioning of his statement being sexual or not was quickly answered.

"Why me?" I asked and he raised an eyebrow at me. "You clearly could get any girl. Why waste your time on me?"

"Are you still trying to convince yourself that you're not interested?"

"Your arrogance knows no bounds I see."

I had backed up without realizing and my back was pressed against the wall as his chest came close to mine.

"Go out with me."

"No." I chuckled as I declined. "I'm not a prize for you to win, Billy Hargrove, and then toss me aside when you're bored." I whispered sensually.

His hand cupped the side of my face and my heart began to beat faster.

"Then let me prove it to you." He spoke softly. His eyes were determined and confident.

"How?" I asked hesitantly.

He moved his face closer to mine and his lips grazed my cheek as he went to whisper in my ear. "Let me show you how a man treats a woman."

I heard the echo in the halls of the office door shut and jumped almost head butting Billy in the nose. I rushed to my seat and put my head down into my arms to keep from showing my face being flushed. The door opened momentarily and then it closed shortly after. I slowly looked up to see Mr. Haines walking away. I looked at Billy who was leaning against the wall with an amused look on his face. I burst into laughter as the feelings of anxiety went away and exhilaration took its place...

I still didn't trust him, but maybe, *just maybe*, it would be worth it to give him a shot... I just couldn't let my guard down completely.

Billy's POV (The night of the party)

She turned the radio down and I looked over at her.

"I'm not easy." She slurred slightly as she kept her head rested on the passenger door.

"I'm well aware of that. You've been nothing but difficult." I replied as the radio played low.

"That's probably the sweetest thing you've ever said to me."

She sat up in the seat. "Tommy is an asshole. I can't believe I thought I loved him. He told me that he did and then got me to sleep with him. Then he told the entire school lies about me. Maybe it was the truth... I don't know. That's guys though. Just all a bunch of assholes. Just like *BRAD*."

"Who is Brad?" I asked instantly regretting it.

"*Brad* is my mom's new boyfriend. She has been super self conscious ever since we ran from my alcoholic dad. We moved here a few years ago and ever since then shes just been hopping from guy to guy

claiming he is the *one*. He's such an asshole though. He is already trying to fill that father role. Tells me what I should or shouldn't do. My mom sides with him. Oh fuck! The dinner was tonight! I can't go home. My mom is going to kill me for missing dinner with *Brad* again. She's got a thing for young guys though. Who knows, maybe she'll hit on you next..."

I raised an eyebrow at her statement and considered it momentarily. She rambled on and on. She sounded like she was spitting out something disgusting every time she said his name. I remembered why I didn't like being around people who couldn't handle their alcohol. On the plus side, she wasn't the worst I had ever encounter.

"The trees are going by really fast... I think I'm gonna be sick."

"What?!" I exclaimed and I looked over at her to find her putting her head out the side as she opened the door. I pulled over quickly and she jumped out. I jumped to the other side and held her hair as she threw everything up.

"Is your car okay?" She asked and I chuckled at her concern for the car.

"Yeah it's fine. Are you okay?" I asked and she nodded.

I looked at her costume and saw it covered. "We should get you out of those."

"Billy... Hargrove." She hiccuped in between my name. "I just told you. I'm not easy. I'm not gonna be another girl..."

"You threw up all over your costume." I said slightly irritated.

I could've been getting laid right now. Girls had been throwing themselves on me all night, yet here I was taking care of the most stubborn girl I had ever met. I grabbed my jean jacket and a shirt I had sitting in the back.

"Shit..." She muttered.

"Here. Get changed in the back." I said handing them to her.

"Wait... You're telling me you had a shirt, yet you went to the party shirtless." She rolled her eyes. "Could you be looking for attention any harder?"

"Will you just change." I said growing impatient.

"Fine, but you turn around! Stay turned around too! I mean it!"

I growled as I turned around and she shut the door. I leaned on the car having a smoke as she changed in the back.

"Alright I'm good." She said as she crawled back into the front seat.

I flicked my cigarette and got back into the car. It roared to life as I turned the ignition in the car.

"You feeling alright?" I asked as I glanced over at her occasionally.

"Yeah, I think I'll be alright." She said softly.

I sighed heavily.

"I lied."

"About what?" I asked her.

"That I was an only child." She said very quiet. I looked at her saddened face. "I had a little brother. He was younger than Max."

"What happened to him?"

She shook her head softly and exhaled deeply. "I don't know." She whispered. "He just went missing and we never found him."

Her house was dark as I pulled up in front and turned off the car. I looked over at her and she had passed out on the way here. I walked over to the passenger side and picked her up. She wrapped her arms around my neck and nuzzled her face into my neck as I carried her to the house. Despite the fact that she had just thrown up, she still had the faint smell of her sweet perfume.

"Please be unlocked..." I muttered to myself as I got to the door.

I tried the handle and it twisted in my hand. I nudged it opened with my other shoulder and then closed it gently with my boot to close it. I had no idea which room was hers, but I figured upstairs was a good start. I walked quietly up each step and looked into a few rooms before finding her bedroom. I laid her in bed and pulled the covers over her. I threw her costume on the ground by her bed. I looked back over to her and she snuggled more into her bed. I pushed the hair gently out of her face.

I shook my head as I sighed heavily and headed out the front door and locked it behind me.

I started my car up and headed for home to sneak into my own house.

**A/N: Thank you guys again so much for all the favs and follows!
I think there was a few reviews and thank you for those as well!
I hope you enjoyed!**

7. Chapter 7

Jess was late.

I tapped my fingernails impatiently on the counter as I used my other hand to rest my head on.

"Did you want me to call?" My mother asked and I looked at the clock again.

"It's okay Ma. I'm just gonna walk."

"Are you sure? It's kind of chilly out there." She replied.

"I have my jacket. I'll be fine." I smiled. "Besides, it's not that far. I did it before I knew Jess."

"Alright." I headed toward the hallway to the door. "Oh Elizabeth!"

I turned toward her and she looked reluctant to speak.

"Brad is coming over tonight for dinner." She spoke softly. "I'd really like it if you would be there."

I bit the inside of my lip trying to keep myself from sighing. I knew this meant a lot to her. Even if I didn't want to be around him, he made her happy. I took a deep breath in and nodded a few times.

"I'll make sure to be home in time." I said and she smiled wide.

"Thank you."

The wind knocked leaves off the tree branches with each small and big gust. It was unusual for Jess to not show up. I knew she obviously got sick, but she never missed multiple days of school. Maybe she had just overslept and I would see her at school. I hoped that was the case at least. I heard the familiar sound of a roaring engine whipping around. I looked behind me toward the car and saw that beautiful blue Camaro.

The roar turned into a purr as it began to slow down. I hadn't realized I stopped until the car pulled up next to me. Max smiled softly at me from the passenger seat as Billy leaned over.

"Why the hell are you walking?" Billy asked as I heard Ted Nugent pour out of the passenger window.

"Jess never showed up." I shrugged.

"Get in." He said to me and then hit Max on the shoulder and signaled her to move to the back.

Max jumped to the back before I could protest that I would walk there. He pushed open the door and I grabbed it as I sat in the seat.

"Thanks." I said as I buckled my seat belt.

"No problem."

I felt myself push back into the seat a bit by the force as he gassed it forward. I looked back at Max and she shook her head with a small smile as she mouthed "*Every time.*"

"So is Jess still sick?" Billy asked glancing over at me.

"I don't know. This is really unlike her." I said concerned.

"I'm sure she is alright." He spoke trying to reassure me as I looked out the window.

"Yeah... I'm sure she is..." I wasn't as convinced. Something felt off.

We pulled into the school parking lot and I let Max out so she could ride off to her classes.

"Eli..." Billy called out to me as I headed toward the school. I turned around as he shut his car door, cigarette sitting in his mouth, and headed toward me. I looked up at him as he stood in front of me. "Try not to panic yet, alright?"

He sounded genuinely concerned that I was nervous about Jess. He

wasn't being cocky or teasing. His face was genuine. He blew the smoke out to the side, after taking a drag, so it wouldn't hit my face.

"Alright?" He asked again tilting his face slightly to look at me.

I nodded and he gave a nod in return. "I'll see you later."

"Yeah." I said softly and watched as he walked off.

"Two days in a row..." Lisa said in her teasing voice as she and Margaret walked up to me.

"So are you guys a thing now... or?" Mar added into the teasing.

"No!" I exclaimed and scoffed. "We're just..." I continued to watch him walk away and glanced at his ass much longer than intended.

"Mhmmmm..." I looked over at them as they gave me smirks.

I sighed deeply. "Jess didn't show up today."

"Wait what?" Mar asked concerned.

"I'm starting to get worried now guys." I replied.

"She probably drank a lot at the party. You know how she gets whenever she parties *that* hard." Lisa said trying to calm me.

"It is really weird for her to not show up to school though..." Mar said voiced concerned as well.

"She goes off with Keith and now hasn't been to school in two days?"

"I'll talk to Keith when I see him in class if it makes you feel better." Lisa offered with a smile.

"Would you?" I asked and she nodded.

"Now, Let's talk about Billy!" They both linked their arms with mine as we walked into school as I groaned.

I could barely focus in class. I still hadn't seen Jess and I was worried.

Maybe I was freaking out for nothing? I just couldn't escape the nervous feeling that something was indeed wrong.

The bell rang signaling class was over. Everyone stood up, denying the protests of Mrs. Adler, and continued into the hall as she sighed. I collected all of my books and headed toward my locker. An arm reached over my shoulders and I looked toward the hand and saw the jean jacket before looking to Billy's face.

"What are you doing?" I asked as I continued walking.

"Walking you to your locker?" Billy smirked moving his toothpick with his tongue.

"And you need your arm around me?" I asked with a raised eyebrow. "Whatever will Melissa say. She might even be jealous."

"Yeah, shes jealous anyways." He said as he moved his arm and leaned on the locker next to mine as I worked on the combination.

"Why?" I asked as I glanced at him and opened my locker.

"Haven't you heard the rumors?" Billy licked his lips. His cocky demeanor was back. I put my books away and grabbed the next books I needed.

"I tend to ignore the rumors and not listen to people." I said as I slammed my locker door shut to make sure it closed.

"People have... *noticed* us together." He said.

"So people think we're..."

"Is that so bad?" He asked raising his eyebrow and smirking.

I took a breath as I stopped before speaking. I didn't know what to say.

"I could be the new King of Hawkins with you as my Queen." He said sensually as he got close enough to me. I felt his hand slide to my hip and my breath caught in my throat. "Think about it."

"Okay..." I choked out trying to be confident.

He winked as he slipped away from me and headed down the hall. My gaze followed him. I looked around and some people in the hall took notice and whispered. My cheeks flushed and I quickly rushed to my next class. Did I really want to be Billy Hargrove's Queen?

I walked into the gym after changing and Jess was still no where in sight. The boys continued their basketball game from yesterday. I watched as Billy and Steve continued to duke it out for who was the top dog. I sighed feeling bad for Steve. Everyone had been talking about his break up with Nancy and I knew it was effecting him.

"Alright! Alright alright..." I looked toward Billy as his taunting voice rang around the gym. I stopped in place and crossed my arms as I watched the game. "King Steve! King Steve everyone! I like it. Playing tough today!"

"Jeez do you ever stop talking man?! C'mon!" Steve retorted as he gestured for him to keep playing.

Billy laughed at his response. "What? You afraid that the coach is gonna bench you now that I'm here?"

I winced in pain as he rammed his shoulder into Steve's chest and made the basket for points for his team. He extended his hand toward Steve to help him up. I saw his mouth moving, but I couldn't make out the words. He pushed him back into the floor and walked off. I grit my teeth angrily as I looked at Steve on the floor. I didn't even know what I was doing. My feet were moving toward Billy, but I couldn't stop them. I grabbed his arm and pulled. He turned toward me and his faced turned amused as he didn't expect to see me.

"Lay off him. Stop being an asshole." I walked away before he could say anything back to me.

If he wanted a Queen. He would get one, but not in the way he wanted.

The girls looked at me shocked. Mar was laughing.

"Oh my God..." Mar laughed. "His face when he saw it was you. Went from fight mode to uhhh what?!"

"That was probably a bad idea." Lisa said as she looked over.

I turned around as I saw Steve sent to the floor again. I sighed and angrily connected eyes with Billy. He had a look in his eye showing he couldn't be tamed as he smirked. He was determined to be the alpha and no one would stop him.

"I'll talk to him later..." I said as I sat down with them and began stretching.

"Think he is going to listen? He doesn't seem the type..." Mar asked.

"He wants me to be his Queen then he can play by my rules too."

"He what?!" They exclaimed with big smiles on their faces.

"Have you guys been hearing rumors about us?" I asked and they looked to each other. Mar looked to the floor as her lips turned into a line. Lisa sighed. "Oh no... What?!"

"I heard people saying that you guys are shacking up in detention..."

"What?!" I exclaimed.

"And his car after detention..."

"I even heard some say you guys are together like officially, but that you're not enough for him because he keeps flirting with the other girls too."

"Mostly Melissa is trying to spread that one around."

My face turned hot out of anger. "We aren't even together... He can flirt with whoever he wants."

I could see Mar and Lisa looked at each other as I watched the basketball game.

"You know there is nothing wrong with you liking him..." Lisa said

hesitantly.

"I don't know what I'm feeling."

"Jealousy." They said at the same times and I sighed.

"On a different topic..." Lisa said. "Keith wasn't in class today. I didn't really notice yesterday, because I don't pay attention to him much, but when I asked someone about him they said he hasn't been in either."

"So they are both missing?" I asked confused.

My heart dropped into my stomach.

"They might not be missing. Maybe they are both sick?" Mar spoke.

"Or..."

I looked up at Lisa. "They ran off together."

"Do you really think that they would though?" I asked unsure.

"I mean... She's done it before. Not with a guy, but she ran away before." Mar responded.

"I mean Nancy ran off with Jonathan... Maybe something is in the air." Lisa said as a matter of a fact.

"Wait... Seriously?" I asked.

They both nodded. "Yeah, some time yesterday. Literally right after their break up."

I looked back at Steve. "Poor guy..."

I had changed and headed toward my last day of detention. I turned the corner and saw Steve at his locker. We had some classes together last year. We weren't the best of friends, but we still got along and even hung out at parties sometimes. We talked less when he was with Nancy, which was fine. I bit my lip slightly and decided to go check

on him.

"Hey Steve..." I said hesitantly as I walked up beside his locker.

He looked up and barely smiled. I could tell his mind was all over the place. "Oh hey Liz."

I grabbed my backpack straps with both hands. "How are you doing?"

He gave a soft chuckle. "I've uh... definitely been better."

"Yeah I imagine..." I said softly and nodded.

I stood awkward at the silence as he continued to put his stuff away.

"I uh... I just wasn't to say that I'm sorry about everything. You don't deserve that and um.. I'm sorry about Billy being an asshole."

He closed his locker and turned to me. "Are you with him?"

"That's a complicated question... No? I don't know..." I replied.

Steve sighed and shook his head slightly. "You can do better than Billy Hargrove, Liz. Ultimately it's your decision bu-"

I felt an arm slide around my shoulders again and being pulled into their body as I looked up toward Billy.

"You ready?" He asked me with a smirk. He looked toward Steve. "Harrington."

Steve scoffed. He looked toward me as he put his backpack on his shoulder. "Just think about what I said."

I watched him walk off and sighed.

"What was that about?" Billy asked.

"Nothing... Just talking." I answered as we walked to detention.

A/N: Thank you for all of the continued support! I've been getting all the notifications and felt so bad that I haven't been

able to update! Might get into some deep stuff within the next few chapters! I'm glad you guys have been liking the story and hope it continues to be enjoyable!

8. Chapter 8

I sat silently at my desk as my mind whirled around. Jess was still missing and apparently Keith was too. There was rumors about Billy and I. Then feeling bad for Steve. I couldn't think straight about anything. I stared at the book as my pencil sat loosely in my hand. My head rest on my left hand as I leaned it on the table. Billy leaned against the wall staring out the window.

"Let's leave."

"What?" I asked and looked up at Billy as he broke my muddled thoughts.

"Come on, let's get out of here." He said as he pushed himself off against the wall.

"We have detention..."

"It's thirty minutes of bullshit. What's Mr. Haines gonna do? Give us another day of detention? You know he hated this more than us." He retorted.

I sighed knowing he was right.

"Screw it..." I packed up all my stuff into my backpack.

He extended his hand out to me and smirked as I looked up at him. He raised an eyebrow and I couldn't help but smile back at him.

"You're gonna get me in trouble, Hargrove." I said as I placed my hand in his.

"It's more fun. I can promise you that." His fingers laced with mine as he spoke confidently.

We snuck out to his car before anyone could notice we were gone.

"Where do you want to go?" He asked as he started the car and looked over at me.

"I know a place. I'll give you directions."

He parked his car and in front of us sat the lake slightly surrounded by trees.

"Never thought you'd quickly want to go to Lover's lane." He joked and I smacked him playfully on the chest.

"This is *not* Lover's lane." I got out of the car and shut the door. I leaned against the front of the car and wrapped my arms around me as I took in the nostalgia.

"You find out anything about Jess?" Billy asked as he leaned on the car beside me.

"Not really." I sighed. "Apparently Keith hasn't been in class either. Lisa thinks she ran away with him."

"You don't think so though?"

I lingered my gaze at him as I watched him light the cigarette and exhale the smoke away from me.

"I don't know what to believe, Billy." I turned my head to him and he looked at me concerned. "I have this off feeling about everything, but I'm just hoping Lisa is right. I mean I guess it could fit? Apparently she has run away before and with both of them gone..."

"It's possible that she did." He said looking back out to the lake. "People run away together all the time."

"Apparently... Nancy and Jonathan have seemed to skip town too."

Billy laughed. "So I've heard."

"I mean her and Steve had just broken up and then she skips town with him?"

"He has no sympathy from me. All Kings fall." He scoffed.

"It doesn't mean he deserved it. I could never do that to someone..."

"Probably why he is trying to win you over with his broken heart act."

"I don't think it's an act. He truly loved her and I don't think that he is trying to get with me." I stated and sighed in frustration.

"Yeah? What did he mean by that then?" He retorted.

"By what?" I asked.

"Just think about what I said." Billy mocked as he pushed himself up from the car and put his cigarette out in the dirt.

I chuckled and shook my head. "Sounding jealous there, Hargrove."

Billy closed the gap between us as pushed me up onto the hood of the car. My eyes connected with his. His hands rested on the car on both sides of me as his thumbs rested right next to my thighs. He took a deep breath in and out as he smirked at my surprised reaction.

"What if I am?" He spoke soft and sensually.

"Why would you be..?" I asked softly.

"Defending him all day, coming to his rescue, secret conversations at his locker..." He moved closer to my ear. "If I didn't know better I'd think maybe he was your boyfriend."

"He's not my boyfriend." I spoke as a matter of fact.

"Good." His lips pressed against mine as his hand caressed my cheek and his fingers intertwined with my hair.

I was surprised at first, but shortly after returned his passion as my arms went from crossed to each side of his body. I could tell he was more experienced than guys I had been with before. His kiss was more passionate, his touch soft yet rough at the same time. My hand moved to the back of his neck as our lips moved in sync with each other. His kiss and touch felt different. It felt meaningful. It didn't feel forced or taken for granted. I felt alive. It had been so long since I had felt a connection with someone. I wasn't ready to fully commit, but I couldn't deny what I was feeling for him. It was a rush. I felt

chills as he fingertips touched under the hem of my shirt.

"Billy.." I breathed out as he kissed my neck. "I can't yet.."

"Alright..." He said catching his own breath. He sounded slightly frustrated, but maybe I was just overthinking. He pecked gently along my jawline as he held onto my hips. "There's something different about you. It's rather infuriating honestly."

"What do you mean?" I asked as he pulled himself up onto the car beside me.

"You're just not typical of what I've experienced..." He said trying to put it as nicely as possible.

"Cause I won't just throw my panties at you?" I asked raising my eyebrow.

He shrugged and his facial expressions definitely said yes. "I'm used to women coming onto me. You were the complete opposite."

"So why continue trying with me? Just cause I'm a challenge?" I asked trying to understand.

He sighed deeply. "Maybe at first. You're just different. You kind of remind me of a piece of home. It's been a breath of fresh air in this shitty town."

I nodded as I lowered my gaze. "Would you skip town?" I asked. "If you were given the chance?"

"In a heartbeat." He didn't hesitate.

"I don't know if I could leave my mom..." I said sadly.

"She seems alright." He responded taking another drag.

"Yeah, maybe..."

We sat silent for a moment and then I remembered my mom's dinner.

"Shit!" I exclaimed as I slid off the hood.

"What?!"

"My mom is having her boyfriend over and I told her I would be home for dinner to help." I groaned.

"Thought you hated the guy?" He asked eyebrow raised with an amused expression.

"I don't *hate* him, but I definitely don't want to go. I made my mom a promise though and I already bailed the last time."

"Alright... Come on I'll take you home." He said as he slid off the hood.

I grabbed his hand as he headed toward the driver side. "Billy..."

He looked at me curiously as he turned toward me. I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him softly as I pushed up on my tip toes. I felt his hands rest on my hips. "Thank you for understanding."

"Don't worry about it." He said pulling me into him as he kissed me again and then pecked my forehead. "Let's go."

My mother was grabbing groceries from the car as Billy pulled up in front of the house. *Shit...*

"I'll see you later?" I asked as I took off my seat belt.

"Yeah. I-"

"Oh Billy! How are you?" I heard my mother's voice get closer and I internally groaned.

"Hello Mrs. Bowen." He smiled politely as he waved at her.

"I really appreciate you taking her home from school." My mom said as she looked at him through the passenger side.

"It's really not a problem at all." His tone was almost sickening. He had talking to mothers, and women for that matter, down to a science. That cool guy smooth tone.

His smile was purely infectious though. I found myself unable to hide my own smile as I looked at him. He winked at me as he caught my gaze and I rolled my eyes playfully.

"Oh! Why don't you stay for dinner? It's the least I could do to thank you."

"Mom..."

"I have to go pick up my sister and get home, but I'd love to take up that offer another time." I sighed in relief as Billy talked his way out of it. I was *not* ready for my mom to embarrass me in front of him.

"Of course. You're welcome any time. It's great to see you." My mom smiled genuinely at him.

"Pleasure is mine." He smiled back and my mom walked up the walkway into the house.

I raised an eyebrow at him and he smirked. "What?"

"*Pleasure is mine.*" I mocked and gagged. "Don't hit on my mom in front of me it's disgusting." He chuckled and I rolled my eyes playfully as I shook my head slightly.

"I just want you." He said as he put his hand under my chin and pulled me in to kiss me softly. "I'll pick you up in the morning."

"Okay. I'll see you tomorrow."

I closed the passenger door and listened to the roar of the camaro pull away.

A/N: Sorry this one was a bit shorter than the others. Kind of wanted to lay down a bit of the fluff and get this ship sailing! Hopefully Billy isn't too out of character. I want to keep him as well written to how he is in the show as possible, but if he was starting to be with someone or genuinely interested I think he would have a bit of a softer side. So I want to explore that a bit as well. I hope you enjoyed! I'm going to try to update asap and thank you guys so much for all of the overwhelming support! It's

appreciated!